Prin. O my ſweet beefe, I muſt ſtill be good Angell to thee, the mony is paid backe againe.

Fal. O, I doe not like that paying backe, tis a double labour.

Prin. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the firſt thing thou doeſt, and do it with vnwaſht hands too.

Bar. Do my Lord.

Prin. I haue Procured thee *Iack* a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had beene of horſe. Where ſhall I find one that can ſteale well? O for a fine theefe of the age of xxii. or there about: I am hainouſly vnprouided. Well, God bee thanked for theſe rebels, they offend none but the vertuous, I laud them, I prayſe them. *Prince. Bardoll.* *Bar.* My Lord.

Prin. Goe beare this letter to Lord *Iohn of Lancaſter*,
To my brother *Iohn*: this to my Lord of *Weſtmerlands*.
Go, *Peto*, to horſe for thou and I
Haue thirty miles yet to ride ere dinner time:
Iacke meete me to morrow in the Temple hall,
At two a clocke in the afternoone,
There ſhalt thou know thy charge, and their receiue
Mony and order for their furniture.
The land is burning, *Percy* ſtands on high,
And either they or we muſt lower lie.

Fal. Rare words! braue world. *Hoſtes*, my breakefaſt come,
Oh, I could wiſh this Tauerne were my drum. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter and Dowglas.

Hot. Well ſaid, my noble *Scot*, if ſpeaking truth
In this fine age were not through flattery,
Such attribution ſhould the *Dowglas* haue,
As not a Souldier of this ſeaſons ſtampe,
Should go ſo generall currant through the world:
By God I cannot flatter, I defie
The tongues of ſoothers, but a brauer place
In my hearts loue hath no man then your ſelfe.
Nay taske me to my word, approue me Lord.

Dow. Thou art the king of honour,
No man ſo potent breathes vpon the ground,
But I will beard him. *Enter one with letters.*

Hot.

Hot. Do ſo, and t'is we
but thanke you.

Meſſ. Theſe letters come

Hot. Letters from him? w

Meſſ. He cannot come, m

Hot. Zounds, how haz he
In ſuch a iuſtling time? whe
Vnder whoſe gouernement

Meſſ. His letters beares h

Wor. I prethee tell me, do

Meſſ. He did, my Lord, f
And at the time of my depa
He was much feard by his P

Wor. I would the ſtate of t
Ere he by ſickneſſe had bin
His health was neuer better

Hot. Sicke now, droope n
The very life-bloud of our e
T'is catching hither, euen to
He writes me here, that inwa
And that his friends by depu
Could not ſo ſoone be drawn
To lay ſo dangerous and dea
On any ſoule remou'd, but o
Yet doth he giue vs bold adu
That with our ſmall coniunct
To ſee how fortune is diſpos'
For, as he writes, there is no
Becauſe the King is certainel
Of all our purpoſes: what ſay

Wor. Your fathers ſickneſſe

Hot. A perilous gaſh, a very
And yet, in faith, it is not his
Seemes more then we ſhall fin
To ſet the exact wealth of all
All at one caſt? to ſet ſo rich a
On the nice hazzard of one d
It were not good, for therein

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